

## ODDLY NAMED TOWNS

QUEER TITLES THAT DOT THE MAPS OF UNCLE SAM.

This Nomenclature Peculiarity Is Not Confined to Any One Part of the Country, but Leads Itself Impudently to All Sections.

The names of some towns in the United States probably cause their inhabitants considerable vexations when away from home, says the Chicago Chronicle. These names have certain peculiar meanings in everyday talk and as soon as they are mentioned they are apt to prompt troublesome questions by funmakers. For example, the man from Alone, Ky., might have to explain to a stranger living in New York how he could do business if he were the only inhabitant and how the exodus laws were enforced if he were the only inhabitant. Citizens of Lonely, N. C., and Lonesome, Ky., would encounter much the same sort of questions, and all, of course, would finally be asked if they were once Jersey commuters.

If a man halled from Affinity, N. C., he would naturally be supposed to be married and his home life an episode of the chapter of bliss. He would be expected to wear a wife's smile as the citizen of Joy or Happiness, Tex., or Paradise, Colo., with a temper as subdued as the inhabitants of Purity, Minn. What would happen, however, if the man from Affinity should meet a man from Peace, Ala., would, indeed, be problematical. They might, after the fashion of some westerners, boom the merits of their respective towns with such ardor that at last these representatives of Peace and Affinity would come to blows. They might at last develop as much disrepute for each other as the citizens of Cream, Wis., who should come to take dinner with the citizen of Caviar, N. J. On the other hand, they might become as chummy as the townsmen of those three towns in the states of Colorado, Oregon and West Virginia which all bear the name of Crook.

Any one coming from Eye, N. C., could hardly expect to join the New York police force and find things congenial. If he was a native of Lax, Ala., or Blind Bay, La., on the contrary, his duties as a metropolitan bluecoat might prove congenial. If he said he was from Sodom, O., he would most likely be told that his own town would need his services more. If he replied that it didn't, he might be recommended to try to get a position in Pluto, Mo.

Near the Greene river in Kentucky and several miles south of Lexington there is a town by the name of Pig. It has never been recorded in any history of the United States whether the characteristics of the people of Pig are any different from those of the people of Lamb, Ill., or Chickies, Pa. This is certainly to be regretted. It would certainly be interesting to know if the worthy burghers of Pig are any more happy and contented than such folks as insomniacs, melancholics or morose fellows, whether there is any sale in Pig for appetizers, and what the good people do on Fridays.

Should a woman from Big Foot, Tex., or Antiquity, O., advertise for a husband it is safe to say she would not get as many answers as a woman from Beauty, W. Va. The man who halled from Jug, Ala., might have more difficulty in being elected to the White Ribbon society than his contemporary from Dry Town, Cal. The native of Magic, Ala., would not doubt be welcomed by certain Wall street officers where a citizen from Fairplay, Wis., would find the door shut. Should the woman from Alamode, Ga., or Fashion, Ga., meet a woman from Jaysville, O., the two might get into such a controversy that at the end they would both be believed to be natives of Looeyville, N. Y. The citizen of Fossil, Ore., unlike the citizen of Quick, Neb., would no doubt feel very much at home in Philadelphia, and for much the same reasons the representative of Fact, Kan., would find a congenial atmosphere in Boston. Vegetarians should go to Grass, S. D.

Any one might think that Lee, Ga., would become a more popular summer resort than Hell Hole, Colo. A jury made up of men half of whom were born in Japan, Mo., and the other half in Russia, N. Y., would be pretty sure to disagree. At any rate, they would not call in a man from Jingo, Tenn., for a peacekeeper. Should the girl from Leaspyer, Tenn., become acquainted with things at home there is little danger of her settling in Bachelor, Mich. Neither would a man from Langor, Minn., think of moving to Jump, O. A man may travel from Dan to Beer, sheba nowadays and think it a very short journey. There is a Dan in Kentucky and a Beersheba over the line in Tennessee. Neither is the trip from London to Pekin a long one in the United States. Ohio contains both a Pekin and a London, and it is not a long journey from Whisky Buttes, Mont., to Seven Devils, Ida.

So late as the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of Ceylon were in the habit of deserting their towns. Their customs are described in the narrative of Captain Robert Knox, who for nineteen years—from 1680 to 1679—was a captive among them. He speaks of several towns as lying desolate owing to the fact that their inhabitants had forsaken them. This they did if many of them fell sick and two or three died soon after one another, thinking that it was a visitation of the evil one. Some of them came back when they thought the evil spirits had departed.

**Snowdrifts in Sweden.**

The worst snowdrifts experienced by any railroad are said to be those in Sweden. Although the cold is not so intense as in some of our western states, the snowfall is heavy and continuous. The snowfalls of various kinds which are used on these roads are said to be the most powerful in the world. There are times, however, when even this machinery fails to clear the way, when hundreds of men must be employed to dig out the stalled trains.

**Rather Critical.**

Deacon Jones—What do you think of the prospect that women remove their hats at church? Rev. Mr. Wyse—Think of it? Why, it is the most absurd thing I ever heard of! What do they think the women come to church for, anyway?—Boston Transcript.

**The Troublesome Part.**

Perrida—Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy. Penelope—Did you and Jack have much trouble in getting your father's consent? Perrida—No, but pa and I had an awful lot of trouble getting Jack's consent.

## A SEA SERPENT STORY.

This Marine Monster Was Fifty-Five Feet in Length.

Rudyard Kipling has seen his second sea serpent, according to a story which comes with some seriousness from Cape Town. People who read Kipling's first sea serpent story thought it was merely a brilliant piece of fiction. This second sea serpent story is not told by Kipling, but by the skipper of the steamship Armadale Castle. The sea serpent was seen—in fact, it was struck by the ship and probably killed—while the Armadale Castle was on her last voyage to Cape Town, in latitude 8 degrees south. Mr. Kipling was aboard the ship.

Commander Robinson is not sure whether the creature struck was a real serpent, a queer whale or a greatly overgrown shark. Whatever it was, the thing was hit by the bow of the ship where, in all properly regulated fishes, the pectoral fins exist. The head was doubled around the bow port, and the tail trailed away along the starboard side. The violent struggles of the creature to free itself from its painful and embarrassing position led to its striking the soft brown paint of the "boot topping" on the ship's side with the powerful fluke of its tail.

This was observed by the boatswain and some of the men who were watching the affair through the side ports immediately over the tail of the fish. The marks enabled the commander afterward to make fairly accurate measurements. From mark to mark was forty-seven feet. About eight feet of head over the port side brought the whole length to fifty-five feet. In whole length it was apparently about the volume of one of the ship's lifeboats at the broadest part, say eight feet in diameter, very gracefully tapering away toward the tail. The body appeared to be of a greenish brown color, with large dark spots all over the back and sides, the lower part being of a dull white.

It was first observed by one of the seamen, who heard a knocking against the ship's side. When the news was passed along the decks all the passengers, young and old, performed a mad stampede into the forecastle to look at the unhappy prisoner. The engines were stopped as soon as possible and reversed, but fully a quarter of an hour elapsed between the first discovery and the final clearance, by which time the creature was either dead or completely exhausted, for it sunk slowly, tail first.—Chicago News.

## TAKING ANOTHER NAME.

Nothing in the Law That Prohibits Making a Change.

"Custom has made it almost universal for all male persons to bear the names of their parents," said an attaché of the local court the other morning. "It seems natural that it should be so. Nevertheless there is nothing in the laws of this country prohibiting a man's taking another name, and no legal penalty is attached to his doing so. There is always, however, a possibility of its being attended with inconvenience and perhaps loss to himself."

This is a way by which a man may change his name with the sanction of the law, and that is the only safe way. But the law requires him to assign some good reason for the change. Men have assigned various reasons for wishing to change their names. Sometimes a man wishes to drop his right name because it is of foreign origin and difficult for an American tongue to pronounce. This may injure him in his business, as there is such a thing as prejudice even in this free and enlightened commonwealth; or his name may have in English an absurd or even vulgar meaning and subject him to unpleasant jokes; or it may associate him with some notorious criminal or be the counterpart of some name which history made infamous; or it may be misspelled and consequently mispronounced on his entry to this country.

"Frequently infants are left orphans or abandoned by the father after the death of the mother. In that case it is a frequent occurrence for relatives or neighbors to take a child and adopt it, giving it their own name. In that case a written petition to the court of the place in which he lives asking leave to adopt the child and change its name to that of the petitioner. The order allowing the adoption and a change of name must be filed with the court, so that the real parentage of the child may be subsequently established if necessary."

"When an adult applies for leave to change his name he must give his place of birth, residence, age and whether he is married or single and whether there are any judgments against him or outstanding commercial paper in his name which he seeks to abandon. If in any of these cases the court is satisfied there are no objectionable reasons the order is permitted granting a change of name. The order must be filed with the clerk, and thirty days thereafter the new name may be assumed. The granting of the notice must within ten days thereafter be published in a newspaper designated by the court."

"Thus the law protects the person who for good and sufficient reasons desires to assume a name other than his own. The order of the court being recorded, all the rights of the individual whenever originally accrued to him under his original name are preserved, his identity being under the law fully established."—Washington Star.

**Experts.**

At the trial recently of a man charged with robbery at Manchester, England, according to the London Globe, it was announced that the lock of his cell door would have to be picked by a locksmith before he could be brought into the dock. While the artificer pried his tools on the door the prisoner offered expert criticism and encouragement from the inside. He did not think much of the bungling amateur. There was a similar instance not long ago in Lancashire. The officials being unable to open a safe in court, a barrister, who had just got a prisoner off for burglary, suggested that his client would open it for them. This he did instantly with a piece of string and two hairpins.

**The Greatest Things Are the Simplest**

The trouble with us is that we look too high and too far away for our chances. We forget that the greatest things are the simplest. In hunting for roses we trample the daisies under our feet. We are blind to the chances and blessings which we have because we are looking so far away for them. Everything depends upon the power of the mind to see opportunities. It is the eye that can see the chance, the pluck and determination to lay hold of it and wring from it every possibility that we lack rather than the chance "to make good."

## PAWNBROKERS.

They Are, Says One of Them, the Soul of Generosity.

When a New York policeman recently borrowed jewelry of a pawnbroker on his beat to wear to a "party," the story led to much comment. In the opinion of the pawnbroker most of the gossip was entirely uncalled for.

"People are making a tremendous fuss about that little deal," he said. "They seem to think it one of the wonders of the age for a pawnbroker to lend anything unless he gets big interest on it. Pawnbrokers are really the soul of generosity. I make loans every week. Of course I don't let things out indiscriminately. A fellow that can touch me for the use of an umbrella or a diamond ring for the night has to be pretty well known as a square chap who is not going to run off with the goods. There are a number of such men around in this part of town, and when they stand in need of some special convenience that I happen to be able to supply to them from my stock of unclaimed pledges I am glad to accommodate them. The stuff always comes back safe, accompanied by a little tip, so I don't lose anything by trusting my friends."

"I have one woman on my list of borrowers. She and her family have traded here for years. One day she pawned her opera glasses and never got them out, and since then whenever she has a chance to go to the play she asks for the loan of a pair of glasses. She is too good a customer to be refused a little favor like that, so of course gets them. In the capacity of a public benefactor I have loaned overcoats, gloves, walking sticks, rings and about everything else known to the masculine sex. These loans are made to friends and reliable people only, and no grafters need apply."—New York Post.

## INAUGURATION BALLS.

The First Was Madison's, Saturday Evening, March 4, 1809.

Four hundred guests, as all the contemporaneous accounts agree, gathered at the first inauguration ball, which took place on the evening of Saturday, March 4, 1809, at Mr. Long's hotel, on Capitol hill, in celebration of the accession to the presidency of James Madison. Each of the three presidents who had preceded him in office had been permitted to close the day of his inauguration by going early to bed. General Washington and John Adams had been inaugurated at temporary capitols, and Thomas Jefferson would have rebelled against a ceremony plainly modeled upon the customs of royalty, but when Madison's inauguration came the new federal city was a visible fact for nine years and was determined to assert a right to enjoy itself. Even in doing so it followed a habit always hitherto associated with the celebration of the coronation of kings.

Royal customs were really the only ones the people knew, for every American in Washington over thirty-two years of age had been born the subject of a king, and the new order of things had not given birth to new ideas of how to manifest rejoicing. Moreover, if the method chosen seems to some to have been an imitation of monarchical customs, they should reflect in extenuation that it is an instinct of man coeval with his feeling the sensation of pleasure to show his joy by dancing. So an official ball closed the day of Madison's inauguration and has closed the inauguration day of every president who has succeeded him.—Gallard Hunt in Century.

**Parrots.**

Parrots are such close observers and learn mimics that it would be surprising if birds in the households of clergymen and ministers did not repeat sacred phrases at proper times. Indeed, it would be as well not to hold family worship with a speaking parrot in the room. There was no harm in the bird that sang in good time and tune "There is a Happy Land." But other feats of imitiveness might easily offend. Parrots uttering responses or bits of the creed or scraps of prayer, as several have been known to do, especially at the most solemn moments, are rather to be avoided than to be indulged in. A bishop's parrot used to ejaculate "Let us pray," sometimes in devout tones, at other times mockingly.

**Caring For Bronze.**

The care of bronze ornaments becomes sometimes a little perplexing. It is, however, because of their previous want of care. Nothing should ever be applied to bronze in the way of preparations. Simple, careful dusting is all that is needed. To remove the purple tinge that sometimes comes a little overcast all may be gently rubbed upon the discolored portion; but, as a rule, the dusting will be found to be sufficient.

**A Chinese Trick.**

An English gentleman who resided in China for many years tells the following story in illustration of the peculiar knavery of the Chinese character. A stout gentleman aged forty at Taiwan was some years ago feted at Taiwan for two or three days, "the observed of all observers," he being an immense man and a good specimen of a transatlantic Anglo-Saxon, but the series of crowded visits he received at length became troublesome, and he found he was being made too much of. The fact was he was being exhibited, a charge being made for the exhibition.

**The First Shave.**

Which of us does not recall with a gentle delight the emotion the unutterable delight we experienced when we were shaved for the first time? We are generally apt about that delicate operation, "the first shave," an innocent subterfuge to which a youth resorts by way of proving to his own satisfaction that he has reached the stage of full manhood? He has a beard!—Le Petit Parisien.

**Her Mental Exercise.**

"Why does your wife belong to so many clubs and debating societies?" "Well," answered the meekton, "I think Henrietta feels the need of mental exercise. She is like to get away from home! She belongs to people where she can't have her own way without an argument."—Washington Star.

**No Further Necessity.**

Maud—Well, I see Mabel Garlinghorn after all these years has given up trying to get Philip Sikes. Irene—What's the reason? Maud—Haven't you heard? She's got him.—Chicago Tribune.

**Two Blessed Factors.**

Beautiful is the activity which works for good, and beautiful the stillness which waits for good; blessed the self-sacrifice of the one, blessed the self-forgetfulness of the other.—Robert Collier.

## MUSIC AS A LURE.

The Way the Deadly Cobra Is Captured in India.

The death dealing cobra is passionately fond of music, and it is through this means that its capture is often accomplished. The men in India who can effect the capture of this deadly reptile must be possessed of remarkable skill or their lives are forfeit.

When a cobra takes up its abode in the neighborhood of a dwelling house it is customary to send for the professional snake charmers. One of them strikes up a tune near the place where the snake is supposed to be located. No matter what the creature may be doing, it is at once attracted by the sound of music. It emerges slowly from its hiding place and strikes an attitude in front of the performer. There it is kept engaged with the music while the other man creeps up behind with a handful of dust. At a convenient moment, when the cobra is standing motionless, this man suddenly throws the dust over the head and eyes of the snake. Immediately the cobra falls its length upon the ground and remains there for one short second, but the second is enough. With a movement like lightning the cobra seizes the body of the prostrate serpent just below the head. In great anger the cobra winds itself round and round the arm of its captor, but to no purpose, for it cannot turn its head and bite. If the fangs are to be extracted at once the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the cobra and thus compels it to open its mouth. The fangs are then drawn with a pair of pliers. If, however, he wishes to keep the cobra intact for the present the musician comes to help him and forcibly unwinds the coils and places the body in a basket, all but the head, which is firmly held by the other man. He presses down the lid to prevent the cobra from escaping, and suddenly the captor thrusts the head in and bangs the lid.

A very expert performer can capture the snake single handed, though it is highly dangerous. While playing with one hand he throws the dust sideways with the other and captures the snake with the same hand. The whole action must be like a flash of lightning, for a half second's delay or the merest bungling in throwing the dust or catching the snake would prove fatal to the operator.

## OLD FASHIONED.

A real old fashioned woman always calls a prescription a recipe.

What has become of the old fashioned man who "got the mitten"? What has become of the old fashioned mother who accused her daughter of having "false pride"? "Along about 9 o'clock at night," said an old fashioned man, "I get the stretches and go to bed."

The old fashioned man with his blue overcoat, which he wore in the civil war, seems to be no more. What has become of the old fashioned man who wore gray knit socks and sat around in the evening without his shoes on? There used to be an old fashioned man who inquired when you were introduced to him, "What part of the footstool do you hail from?"—Aitchison Globe.

**A Russian Baby's Cradle.**

In Russia a cradle is used, contrived rudely as to both structure and motion. It is an oblong box or wicker basket, with a cord from each of its four corners converging to the hook or the rafter from which it is hung and with a looped cord underneath it, in which the mother puts her foot to swing her baby. In winter, in Russia is long and severe, the cradles or some times the hammocks in which the youngest children sleep are slung around the great stove, upon which the parents and other adult members of the family pass the night, wrapped in their sheepskins.—Strand Magazine.

**A Marriage That Isn't.**

A certain count and a certain young lady of thirteen, both French subjects, were married three times in 1902, or thought they were, but they now find themselves bachelor and spinster still. The first marriage took place at a church in London, the second before the registrar at Dover, but these two, being only civil marriages, do not count. Then came a marriage by a French provincial mayor, which the parties thought had at last safely tied the knot, especially as the bride's mother gave her consent. But it now turns out that the bride's legal guardian had not consented also, and the flaw has been pointed out by the bride's repentant mother, who declares that the bridegroom is not the nobleman, geographer, journalist and various other respectable things he had represented himself to be. If two French people can come involuntarily untied in this fashion, after believing themselves to have been triply spliced, there is no wonder why more reason than ever for English people who are contemplating international marriage to make certain that all is legally correct.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

**Silver Thaw.**

"Silver thaw" is a name applied to a winter phenomenon of frequent occurrence at Ben Nevis observatory. It consists of rain falling when the air is below freezing point and congealing wherever it reaches the ground. Of course this points to an inversion of the temperature, which is lower on the mountain top than at greater heights, and, being largely associated with a cyclonic distribution of pressure, it is of considerable "forecasting" value.

**Cautions.**

Markley—I say, suppose you pay me back the 10 shillings you owe me now." Borroughs—Really, old man, I can't do that. Markley—But you've got it to spare today. Borroughs—I know, but there's no telling when I may need it.—London Telegraph.

**Had His Own Troubles.**

"Are you an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the woman with the square chin. "Not me," answered the meek and lowly representative of the other sex. "Man's wrongs take up all my spare time."—Chicago News.

**Information Bureau.**

Holland—Hello, Jones! What do you think of this for weather? Jones—I tell you when I come back from the barber's. I am always sure to get full information on the subject from the man who shaves me.—Boston Transcript.

**Looking Forward.**

The Invalid—The doctor says I must not smoke or drink for a year. Friend—Oh, well, he knows you'll have to economize to meet his bill.—New York Press.

## THE BURMESE WOMAN.

With All Her Fallings, She Is Held In High Esteem.

"Burma, as in many other things," writes V. C. Scott in his book "The Silken East," "is in advance of more reputedly civilized countries in the respect it accords to its women. The infant marriage and shutting up in walled houses, the polygamy, the harems, the social punishment of widows, the denial of spiritual rights which prevail in India are unknown in Burma. Here women marry when they are of age and after they have seen somewhat of the world. They marry, for the most part, whomsoever they will and from love. They are not handed over as chattels to a man whom they know not, but are courted and won. The married women's property act has in effect been established for centuries in Burma. In this country, where the women earn so much, the woman's earnings are her own. Divorce is easily obtained, but seldom asked for. The lightness of the marriage laws, the readiness of the Burmese woman to enter into an easy alliance, shock the virtue of the strenuous foreigner, but within her ideals she is a perfectly proper, modest and well-mannered woman."

"She has fallings. Who has not? Her practice of chewing betel is inelegant and destructive to her teeth; her voice is apt under the pressure of adversity to be shrill; her keen business faculties detract a trifle from the romance in which, as in a halo, all women are enveloped, in old age she is very ugly, and even in youth her nose is stumpy, her lips a little thick, her cheek bones high and heavy—but these are Caucasian objections.

"In the eyes of the young men of the land the Burmese girl is a peerless creature, and her influence over their hearts and their passions is immense. What is more, few men in Burma ever undertake anything of magnitude without first seeking the able counsel of their wives."

## AN ODD VERDICT.

Why an Indian's Horse Was Declared Winner of a Race.

A man who has traveled extensively in the west among other anecdotes told this one: "I was present at a horse race in New Mexico one day, where a horse belonging to an Indian had been matched against a swift footed pony which was the property of a cowboy. The pony was known by the white men to be a better racer than the other animal, and the race had been arranged for the purpose of deciding the redskins. An imprudent course of a mile had been arranged, and the race was to be four times over the course. The cowboys gave their rider instructions to hold the pony back until the finish, so that they could induce the Indians to make big bets.

"The Indian's horse took the lead at the start and retained it. The cowboys offered more money as the race progressed, and the Indians, seeing their horse in the lead, took the wagers. So it went until three and a half miles had been covered and the Indians had bet all their possessions against the money of the cowboys. Then the cowboy rider took the spurs to the pony. He passed the horse in the last quarter and crossed the line five lengths ahead.

"There were three judges. Two of them were Indians, and the other was a cowboy. 'We win!' cried the cowboys and started to collect the bets, when the Indian judges interposed. "'Th, uh,' they grunted, 'Indian's horse win!'" "How's that?" shouted the cowboys. "Didn't the pony come in first?" "But Indian's horse was in front most of the way. Indians win," came the final decision of the two Indian judges, and there was no appeal."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**PITH AND POINT.**

Three-fourths of the things that are put off could be done at once. If it is your praise a man is singing, it doesn't make any difference if he can carry the tune or not. In looking back over his past every man must admit that the sun shone a great deal and that he made little hay. Occasionally you find a man who enjoys staying at home so much that he will let his wife sweep all around him. The jolly blacksmith and jolly innkeeper belong to song and history, but they have got the blues since venturing into modern life.

In every small town there is some poor old failure of a man with a big family hanging on him of whom it is said, "He was considered a great catch when he was young."—Aitchison Globe.

**Do Animals Think?**

The following facts, which I saw with my own eyes on repeated occasions, fully convinced me that animals have the powers of memory and thought. I once had a three parts bred black and tan terrier, which slept in a basket in my bedroom that opened into the nursery. One of my children was from ill health very fractious, and whenever "Tiny" heard it cry she would go into the nursery, hunt about it and find a squeaking rag and take it to the side of the cot and, sitting up, shake it to amuse the child. If in doing this she did not display powers of memory, thought and reflection I utterly fail to see to what her clever performance could be attributed.—London Globe.

**Effect of Arsenic on the Face.**

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and ammonia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses. It produces a waxy, tripe-like appearance of the poisoning, but its terrible effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

**Opportunity.**

You think that an opportunity must necessarily be something great and unusual, but the fact is the stepping stone to the place above you is in the very thing you are doing, in the way you do it. It does not matter what it is.—Success Magazine.

**Worst of All.**

"So the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for awhile, eh?" "Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up \$15 for good."—Collier's Weekly.

**Time is the great comforter of grief,**

but the agency by which it works is exhaustion.—London.

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